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An appreciative present for everyone.
Each article of real practical value.
Don't let the other fellow get first chance.
Come in anyway and see what we have.
We will deliver your purchase any time.

Come in or send a note by the children and get one of our 1917 Art Calendars.

G. V. WRIGHT

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Come in or send a note by the children and get one of our 1917 Art Calendars.

A Mixed Up Christmas

By BERTHA
M. MASTERS

HE three little Burtons listened open mouthed and wide eyed to Bobby Taylor.

"And a pair of roller skates," he ended breathlessly.

"But, Bobby, you've got both kinds of skates," protested Jimmy Burton ferociously. "Santa Claus wouldn't bring you more skates and not leave me any at all."

The Taylors' house was large and handsome. On the other side of the iron fence was the little red cottage where the Burtons lived.

But now it was the day before Christmas. Everything was covered with snow, and the three Burton children were feeling very unhappy. First their mother had told them that perhaps Santa Claus might not leave them very much this year, there were so many poor little children.

"Poorer than we are?" asked Molly.

Mrs. Burton laughed and kissed the little girl. "Bless your heart, baby, we are not poor," she cried happily, and so the three had told Bobby Taylor that they were not poor.

But Bobby had laughed at them and told them that their father worked for his father in the store and that their mother saved for his mother.

"We cannot even have a tree this year," Jimmy whispered to Sadie.

"That's because daddy was sick so long, and mother said we were not to mind. I'd rather hang up my stockings," said Sadie bravely.

"So would I," added Jimmy. And little Molly lisped mournfully:

"But my stockings are the thinnest, and I wanted a dolly carriage, I did!"

On the other side of the iron fence Mr. Taylor was walking to and fro smoking his cigar. He had heard every word that had been said, and long after the children were asleep that night he was talking to his wife.

That Christmas eve Santa Claus stopped at the Taylors' chimney and thought a long while.

"Bobby Taylor lives here," said Santa to himself. "He has so many beautiful toys I don't know what to give him, so I'll just give some candy and nuts and oranges and maybe a book, and I'll give the same to his sister Laura. All these skates and dolls and other things I shall leave at the little cottage next door."

So he left some candy and nuts and oranges and books for Bobby and his sister Laura, and he passed on to the Burtons' cottage.

where the chimney was so small he could not squeeze through, so he had to creep around to the parlor window and pry it open.

There wasn't any Christmas tree here, but on the mantelpiece hung three stockings in a row, and planned to Molly's little white stocking was a note Sadie had written.

Please put the doll carriage on the floor, Santa.

The Chimney Was So Small He Couldn't Squeeze Through.

So it wasn't surprising that the three little Burtons awoke with shrieks of delight to play with their toys while Bobby Taylor wouldn't believe that Santa Claus had actually passed him by until his father said he was afraid that Santa had thought Bobby didn't need any new toys.

Be sides, he and Laura had been selfish. Just then there came a ring at the doorbell, and in came Jimmy and Sadie, the first carrying a pair of roller skates in one hand and a pair of ice skates in the other. Sadie was holding two lovely dolls.

"Merry Christmas, all!" cried Jimmy.

"See, Bobby, Santa Claus brought me two pairs of skates just like yours!" Bobby hung his head. "I didn't get any skates at all," he confessed.

Jimmy drew a long breath and held out both hands.

"I'm more used to going without things," he said simply. "One pair is enough for me, Bobby, you take one."

Bobby began to cry at his playmate's generosity, and Laura did the same for Sadie had offered her one of her two dolls.

Mr. Taylor smiled at his wife. "I believe they have learned their lesson," he whispered, and she nodded and opened the doors into the parlor.

The children screamed with joyful surprise. There in the middle of the room was a big, beautiful tree, laden with toys and gifts of every sort.

There were presents for the Burton children and one for Mr. and Mrs. Burton. It was a slip of pink paper in an envelope, and Mrs. Burton cried over it, and Mr. Burton and Mr. Taylor shook hands very hard. Bobby whispered it was a check, which was just the same as money.

Earth's Diameter.

The earth's greatest diameter is not necessarily at the equator. According to the eminent Professor Henkey, the actual greatest diameter is that taken from the summit of Mount Chimborazo.

The line drawn from this point to the opposite side on a point in Sumatra gives a diameter of 7,925 miles.

GRATEFUL PATIENT BUYS RED CROSS SEALS

Tells Why He Supports Great National Red Cross Christmas Movement.

"Personal experience means much in one's attitude toward the Seals. Will you let me tell why both gratitude for the saving of my life and a desire to help exterminate tuberculosis makes me buy and use Red Cross Christmas Seals?" This is a request in a letter from a cured patient in one of Wisconsin's County Hospitals for Tuberculosis, who says:

"I was shocked to learn in 1910 that I had consumption. I thought that was the end of me. Fortunately for me the National Tuberculosis Association and the American Red Cross had taken up the task of informing the nation that a pulmonary tuberculosis can be arrested and perhaps cured by a combination of fresh air, good food, perfect rest, and freedom from care.

In course of time this good news had reached Wisconsin and the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association was organized to carry the message into every corner of the state. Through this propaganda sanatoria were established in various parts of the state. So when the disease became a very personal matter to me, there was an institution near at home to teach me how to breathe, eat, rest, and think, so as to live with tuberculosis, and at a price within reach of my moderate purse.

This was all the result of the philanthropic propaganda of these national organizations and the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association, to whom I must always be grateful for my present health and strength."

What Red Cross Seals have done in Wisconsin they have done and are doing in every other state in the Union. All but ten per cent of the proceeds, which is used for expenses, remains in the state where the Seals are sold to be used for tuberculosis work.

RED CROSS SEAL FIGURES.

325,000,000 Holiday Stickers Already Distributed in United States.

Few people have any conception of the magnitude of the Red Cross Christmas Seal Campaign. Here are a few figures that will show what a gigantic movement this is.

Already 325,000,000 Seals have been printed and practically that entire number distributed to agents in every state and territory of the Union from Alaska to the Canal Zone, from Porto Rico to Hawaii, and even in the far-off Philippines.

Advertising circulars, posters, cards, etc., to the number of several millions, have also been distributed. Not less than 1,000,000 personal letters asking people to buy Seals have been sent out. It is estimated that the army of workers, nearly all of whom are volunteers, engaged in selling the Seals numbers well over 500,000. The advertising and publicity devoted to the campaign amounts to several hundred thousand dollars. Every effort is being put forth to sell 100,000,000 Seals, or only one for every man, woman and child in the United States. This will mean

JEFFRY WANTS A LUNG.

Purchase of Red Cross Seals Will Help to Supply Need.

WANTED: A good lung. This was the theme of a letter in rhyme received the other day by the St. Louis Society for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis from ten-year-old Jerry O'Connor, a pupil at the open air school formerly conducted by that society. His poem, inspired by the Red Cross Christmas Seal Sale, follows:

"Now, if there's a present you'll send, There's just one thing for me, I wish you'd send me a lung, A right one—mine's T. B."

"T. B. is what skinny folks have. It kills us poor, weak boys. So, in your prayers remember me, I wish you'd send me a lung."

"A Merry Christmas to you all. But don't forget dis skinny kid. And pay for his new lung."

There are thousands of Jeffries all over the United States who want "new lungs" and a chance to save their old ones. The sale of Red Cross Seals helps to provide open air school, sanatorium, and home care for such boys as Jerry.

SECRETARY BAKER LIKES RED CROSS SEAL IDEA

Wants His Children to Become Partners in Anti-Tuberculosis Fight.

Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, is an enthusiast in the use of Red Cross Christmas Seals. A year ago, when he was still Mayor of Cleveland, he wrote to the Anti-Tuberculosis League of that city as follows:

"I enclose my check for \$1.75 for this year's Seals and also my order for Seals for 1916. No other one thing means so much to life, health and happiness of the people of Cleveland as the fight against tuberculosis. The League is offering a great privilege to the people of Cleveland in giving them this opportunity to join their forces in a great cause."

"Please send twenty-five Seals to each of my children. Address them Betty, Jack and Peggy Baker, respectively, at my house, 1851 Crawford Road. I want them each to put seals on each of their Christmas presents so that they will learn that they, too, are partners in the community burden and share the community opportunity."

Have you bought your Red Cross Seals and shouldered thereby your share of the community burden and opportunity?

Goat is Regimental Pet.

The everyday goat is responsible for the nickname of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers—the "Nanny Goats." A goat is the regimental mascot and is led at the head of the column. On St. David's day, in the officers' mess, the goat, escorted by drums and fife, is marched around the table.

Auction Sale

The undersigned having decided to quit farming will sell at Public Auction at his residence located two miles south of the Alma beet sheds, on

Monday, December 18

Commencing at 12:30 o'clock the following described property, to-wit:

HORSES	
Dark bay gelding, 6 years old, weight 1500	1 Beet cultivator
Bay gelding, 9 years old, weight 1300	Dump boards
CATTLE	
Red cow, 5 years old, giving milk	1 Portland cutter
Holstein cow, 4 years old, due January 24th	1 Set heavy work harness, brass trimmed
Red cow, 8 years old	1 Set double driving harness
Black heifer, 2 years old, due soon	1 Single harness
Red heifer, 1 year old	1 Pair fly nets, new
HOGS	
25 Chesterwhite pigs, 8 weeks old	Grindstone
POULTRY	
1 Crate hens	Dairy Maid cream separator
1 Crate pullets	1 Fishing boat and jack
IMPLEMENTS	
1 McCormick grain binder	Hog crate
1 McCormick mower	Hayknife
1 Steel roller	About 50 feet wire, cable and block
1 Disc	25 Potato crates
1 Bradley 2-horse Gopher cultivator	25 lbs. binder twine
2 5-tooth cultivators	Old iron
1 20th Century 2-horse cultivator	2 pumps
1 Beet lifter	1 Beet rack
FEED	
50 or 75 bushel oats	
About 200 bundles of corn stalks	
About 6 ton of clover hay	1 ton alfalfa
2 tons mixed hay	Stack of bean pods
1 Wheel drag	Clover seed buncher
And other articles not mentioned	

Terms of Sale

All sums of \$5.00 and under, CASH; all sums over \$5.00 one year's time on good bankable paper at 7 per cent interest.

ALVIN E. MILLER

Prop.

E. R. KUHLMAN, Clerk



J. D. HELMAN
Auctioneer

Advertise in the Record Want Column for Results